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APRIL :: 1918

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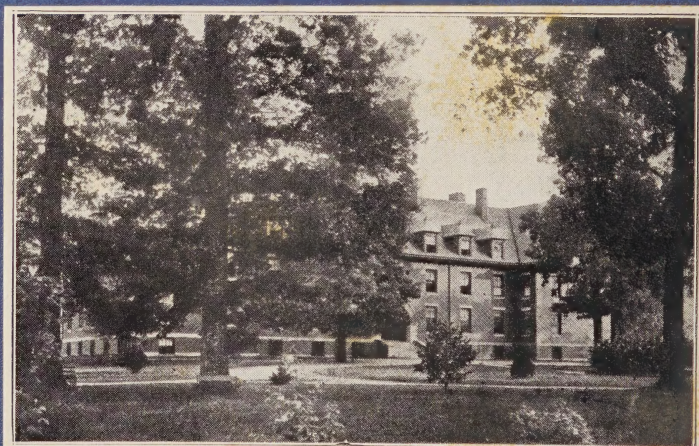
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 A YEAR.

Address all business correspondence to Elizabeth Hartman, 401 Louise Avenue, Charlotte, N. C.

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:: THE PRINCESS ::

Volume I.

APRIL, 1918

Number 4

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Under the Spell

NELL EFIRD

*In his new-found glory,
The bird tells a story,
And his mate draws nigh to share;
In his joy and gladness
There's no note of sadness,—
In his song so free from care.*

*'Tis this time of the year
When Summer seems so near,
That the bee works all day long;
With the flowers in bloom,
And the world without gloom,—
And his humming's meant for song!*

*And the thought of the song,
Of the bird's notes trilled long,
Is cheery and sweet to tell;
Hark! It comes clear and loud
From a heart that's proud
To be under Spring's gay spell.*

A Hun or a Husband

HELEN JOHNSON

"America is full of spies!" The words of the speaker came back again to Bernice. The very thing she had been searching for, secret service work. It would be something different, not at all like the usual Red Cross or knitting. Even the words had a thrill to them—secret service!

As soon as Bernice had decided upon a course, she lost no time in carrying it out. She hurried home and began to plan. Of course, she could do nothing definite at first, but she could keep her eyes open.

She was preoccupied all evening, and when supper was over hurried up to her room.

The room was very hot, so she crossed to the window and sat down, breathing in deep breaths of cool air.

Suddenly her body stiffened. She jumped to her feet, flashed off the light, and sank down on the window seat again.

A man was in Miss Lydia's garden! What was he doing there? Miss Lydia certainly didn't know it, for her abhorrence of the masculine sex was her chief hobby.

She watched closely. He moved over toward the gate. Then she heard him speak. She caught only the words, *Tuesday night at ten-thirty*. The man's companion's answer was inaudible. He crept carefully toward the outer gate, then straightened up and walked briskly down the street. The light of the street threw his shadow on the pavement. When he reached the corner he stopped beneath the arc light. He was a soldier!

Bernice sat down heavily on the window seat. Thoughts were rushing pell mell through her brain. A German. All the many stories she had heard, of Germans in disguise in American camps, recurred to her. She must formulate some plan, and she must do it alone. She fell asleep with a vision in her mind of the President pinning a medal for service on her breast.

She awoke early the next morning, dressed, and ran over to explore Miss Lydia's garden before any one was up.

Very cautiously, she moved the gate; it didn't squeak. Then getting down on all fours she went over all the ground. Ah! what was that round dark object? She approached it carefully, poked it with a small stick, and finally picked it up. It was a chocolate drop.

At first she was dumbfounded. She had expected a bomb on a small scale any way. Then a bright solution occurred to her: he was going to poison the soldiers' candy. She had read about the poisoned candy dropped in France.

She wrapped it in her handkerchief, placed it in her pocket, and walked thoughtfully home.

It seemed to her as if the day would never end. At last two-thirty came and she hurried home from school. The house was very still, evidently everyone had gone out. She hurried to the telephone.

Her heart was beating fast when she took down the receiver. Did she dare do it? The voice of Central decided for her, with her listless "number, please."

"Eighty-eight!" she murmured through pale lips.

A hearty voice answered, "Hello," at the other end of the line.

In short, jerky gasps she gave her instructions: "Be at the corner of Church and Trade streets tonight at ten-thirty."

And now there was nothing to do, but wait. The afternoon and evening dragged slowly through. The family, one by one, went to bed. The house was in complete darkness, when she slipped out the side door and into Miss Lydia's garden.

There she waited. The hands on her wrist watch moved to ten, slowly they crept to five minutes after, ten minutes, and at last to half-past. She could hear his steps. He walked swiftly into the gate, and then became cautious. When he reached the spot by the other gate he stopped.

Bernice strained every sense. Soon the side door to Miss Lydia's home opened and a woman appeared, dressed for the street.

Could it be Miss Lydia? Had she been mistaken after

all? She crept a little closer. Now she could see the woman's face. No, it was not Miss Lydia. She had never seen the woman before. How could she have got in the house? Miss Lydia lived alone, and was always in bed by nine o'clock.

The man went swiftly down the path to meet the unknown woman. "Now is my time," thought Bernice. She ran to the corner. Standing there was a man, the policeman!

"Come quick," she said. "A spy in Miss Lydia's garden!"

Bernice led the way; when she came to the garden, she stopped. No one was in sight. Her heart almost stopped beating. She ran down the path, the man at her heels. Suddenly she tripped over something, screamed, and felt herself falling.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on a couch and Miss Lydia was bending over her.

"You are all right now, dear," she heard her sweet voice say.

"But, Miss Lydia, where is the spy?" Bernice asked in a quivering voice.

"Standing right behind you. He is my nephew-to-be," was her startling reply.

As she spoke, the man turned around.

"Yes, Miss Scott," he declared, "I've met you before, but I wish to renew our acquaintance now on stronger bonds. You have done me a great service tonight."

Then Bernice recognized him as the captain who had visited the school a few days before.

"But the woman?" Bernice cried.

"My niece, who is visiting me," explained Miss Lydia.

"You see, dear, this silly couple had got into their heads the idea that they would have to be married without my consent. They were proceeding to carry out this idea very effectively, when you interfered."

Tears of mortification rose in Bernice's eyes when she thought what a meddler they must think her. But the captain's swift smile and friendly manner soon dispelled all her

fears. She was thoroughly enjoying herself, the whole affair forgotten, when she remembered the policeman.

"Oh!" she fairly groaned, "it will be in all the papers. Where did that policeman go?"

"The policeman," echoed the captain. "Oh! you mean Lowe. Why, he was to have been my witness. He's gone for the preacher. If you'll wait a few minutes, Miss Scott, we would love to have you for the wedding."

* * *

Bernice was a thoroughly tired, but happy girl, when at twelve-thirty she cautiously opened the side door and slipped up-stairs in the dark.

She undressed quickly and jumped into bed. Half way asleep, she murmured to herself, "Not half so bad! to catch a husband instead of a Hun."

The Pre-Raphaelites in Literature

MARGARET RUCKER

The term Pre-Raphaelite refers, properly, to the Italian painters before Raphael, who attempted to bring about a restoration of Christian art to mediaeval purity. But the name is most commonly applied to a school that arose in England about the middle of the nineteenth century, and accomplished some noteworthy results in literature as well as art.

The school was formed in 1848 with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, and Algernon Charles Swinburne as the chief poets of art. They sought inspiration from simple, sincere, and religious art. It is said that this school marks a distinct phase in the progress of spiritual imagination, and stands for a conscious neglect of the truth, the pursuit of which had furnished inspiration to the other Victorian poets. They succeeded in controlling metres and the lyric impulse, but could not, always, co-ordinate thought and expression. At times the melody is entirely independent of the substance. The assumption of the poets of this school and the poets of doubt is the same. They are agnostics as to spiritual facts. The members of the schools, however, developed differently. For instance, to Arnold and Clough twilight was abhorrent, but to the other poets it was wonderful. The mental attitude of the Pre-Raphaelites is represented in the imaginative "painters poetry" of Rossetti, Morris, and Swinbourne.

Rossetti, the ruling spirit of this school, was a deeply religious poet with no intellectual convictions. In his *Mary's Girlhood*, the spiritual attitude of the church is revealed. Here, too, he pictures Mary as "an angel-watered lily, that near God grows and is quiet." The simplicity of this poem is characteristic of the Pre-Raphaelite school.

*"To him wild shadows shown
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height,"*

yet he did not question these conditions, but agreed with his brothers that it is

*"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know
That shall we know some day."*

Scudder says that Rossetti's poetry is "strewn with shuddering light like the cloud-nest of a wading moon; but the light is an enchanted gleam from within—no reflection of sun from without." Later in life an alarming illness overtook this poet, and he became a changed man. He discarded Christian themes, and confused the weird and the spiritual.

William Morris became Rossetti's disciple in 1857. Some, however, contend that Morris, himself, was the pioneer of this movement, because his productions appeared in the *germ* at an earlier date than those of Rossetti. There is a similarity between these poets in artistic handling, rhyme and metre, but Morris balked religious passion and the passion for earthly beauty. An intense narrowness invaded his conception of life. In the story of the *Wanderers* there is a clinging to this empty life, and his genuine horror of death is brought out:

"Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant.

* * *

Though still the less we knew of its [life's] intent."

In his *Earthly Paradise* he pictured a world in which "no artifice of business, fashion, and politics" had ever been. Like most of the other poets of art, he was indifferent to his surrounding conditions, and did not question religious beliefs.

Swinburne was another member of this "stained-glass" school of poetry. To Morris life was empty, but to Swinburne it was cruel. It presented neither sacredness nor charm to this poet. Death, too, was a thing of horror. Weighed down by these ideas, he could preach no positive gospel through his poetry. He did not, however, bemoan the loss of spiritual vision, as did the poets of doubt; but he ignored the existence of such a loss. When first published, his *Poems and Ballads* created a great sensation; but this enthusiasm died, gradually, with the school.

This Pre-Raphaelite movement was not very broad in its extent, and, therefore, not very influential. It did, however, restore, to a certain extent, artistic spirituality and poetic feeling. It still remains, in a day of war poetry with its occasional note of hate, an alluring refuge for those who love at times to forget "the strange disease of modern times" and lose themselves in the landscapes that are tinted with the "light that never was on land or sea."

April's Here

*Gayly bloom the wildest flowers,
Sprinkled well by gentle showers.
Violets from their green leaves peer;
The Iris tells that April's here.*

*Phlox, azalea, daisy, clover—
Each delights fair April's lover,
With odor sweet, profuse, or dear,
Proclaims the news that April's here.*

*Dogwood blossoms everywhere,
And mildest breath of balmy air,
Sunshine warm, and bird notes clear—
Whisper softly, "April's here."*

The Red Mask

AWILDA VAN NESS

Madame Rousseau had instructed me not to admit any one. She knew that the Red Mask, a notorious criminal, would seek an interview with her now because he had learned that she knew something about him, and she even suspected his identity. Madame was a little frightened with the thought of a visit from such a creature. I should not have been on the balcony, but down in the hall, waiting to repel him. My only excuse for slighting my duties was that I wished to see the Red Mask before he could reach the front yard.

Several of our immediate neighbors had been mysteriously robbed, but beyond a glimpse of a well-groomed person and a red mask, the police had learned nothing of his identity. Madame's jewels, being very desirable property, had so far escaped the notice of the Red Mask. It was reasonable to think that he was on his way to us, to-night, to-morrow, or even right this hour. The Cliff's diamonds had vanished the week before. Madame's stones, though fewer, were fully as fascinating to the eye as the Cliff's collection, and the balcony was the logical point of attack.

While in this strategic position, I noticed a figure vanishing into our vestibule below. At first, I thought it was Madame's husband; then the bell tinkled, and I knew it was not. He would have kept up a continuous ringing until he was admitted. This summons was firm, yet courteous. I was about to enter through the window when I heard her voice just outside the door. She had answered the door herself. I thought it rather strange. She was followed into the large, well-furnished library, by a tall, well-built man—a stranger. I started into the room to take his hat, but Madame waved me aside. I retired, but could not help stopping outside the door to listen. It was so unusual for Madame to admit strangers into her home.

"You expected me?" the stranger said.

"Yes, I expected you to call. How much do you want?"

"How much do I want? Well, we shall talk about that."

"So you are the Red Mask?"

"No, I am not the Red Mask."

"Then who are you, and what do you want?"

"Who I am does not matter. What I want is those diamonds of yours. If you do not give them to me, I shall tell the Red Mask that you have sent the police enough information for his arrest."

"I shall not give you my diamonds."

She started to ring a bell, but was interrupted by the words, "Halt, hands up, do not move."

At this point Monsieur Rosseau, who had entered the house very quietly, and heard these words, came to the door and walked into the room. The stranger caught his breath. He had not expected to see Monsieur. His plans were about ruined. Monsieur was out of town, he thought.

"Stop, so you are trying to frighten my wife into giving you her jewels, by telling her that you will tell the Red Mask. It is a lie. You do not know the Red Mask. He would never choose such a confederate as you."

"It is no lie," shouted the stranger. "I shall tell the Red Mask about the trap you have laid for him. I, also, know a thing or two that the police would like to know about you and your wife. How you hid in the Cliff library, as you say, to catch the Red Mask, but you and your wife both went with the intention of stealing the diamonds yourselves. You think you know who is the Red Mask, but you do not. You call yourself Monsieur, but you are a gentleman thief." The stranger was breathless after this tirade.

"Who are you, you blackmailer? Leave my house this instant. No, stay, I shall have you arrested." He started toward the telephone.

The stranger, revolver in hand, a fiendish smile on his face, sprang toward Monsieur. I had been looking through the key-hole. I now decided that something must be done. The jerk of the muscles of his mouth warned me that he was about to fire. I pushed my automatic through the draperies and fired. The stranger dropped in a lifeless heap. Then I entered the room, and took charge of the situation.

Before either could speak, I dragged my victim to the window, taking care not to dislodge the revolver from his hand.

"He must be found here, Madame," I explained. "He entered by this window while you and Monsieur were talking. His hat will be found on the balcony."

As I spoke, I opened my secret pocket, took out my Red Mask, and adjusted it over the leering face. Next I ran into the hall and sent a hurry call to the nearest police station; then to my room to unearth several pieces of jewelry. Returning, I put the trinkets on the stranger. It was only after a long struggle that I included the Cliff's diamonds; but there are times when one must make great sacrifices.

Madame and Monsieur stood like statues, glaring at the masked figure. Madame was the first to emerge from her trance-like condition.

"The Red Mask! You?" she cried hysterically.

"One must live even in these cruel times, Madame," I replied. "The Red Mask is dead—killed by your butler!"

Marion Taylor's Career

NELL EFIRD

Marion Taylor had never thought of having a career. She was, as she expressed it, "too everlastingly average." She could make her own dresses, she had a keen taste for botany, a smattering of music—oh, she had quite the average girl's gifts, but not one that would really amount to anything. She had not thought much about marrying, either, although, in a vague way, she expected to marry some time. She was drifting happily along, like most of the girls, waiting for her time.

The drifting was pleasant. When a slight illness had prevented her from going back for her second year at college, she had decided to stay home for a year or two, which had already lengthened into five. There was always a dance or a sleigh-ride in the immediate future, and Alfred McCann to play the escort. And when the immediate future is pleasantly provided for, one is not likely to look beyond it.

Then, of a sudden, there was a perfect outbreak of engagements in town. It came like an epidemic, catching at least half of those of susceptible age.

The social life of the town became a thing of "showers," and announcement luncheons, and "trosseau teas." In such an atmosphere, it was only natural that Marion should begin to think of marrying.

The club girls were teasing her. "Everybody's doing it, and we're sure that you and Alfred will be the next, so might as well 'fess up."

But Marion was not sure. Alfred had left only a few weeks before to take a responsible position in a nearby city. Only a few weeks, but they seemed like months to Marion, for she had not heard a word from him since the evening before he left. He had spent that with her, and as he told her good-bye, he looked at her staringly and said, "My, May, I've simply got to make good!" And rushed down the walk as if afraid he would say too much.

That was all—such a slight foundation for a ladder of dreams. Still, with the marrying going on all about her,

May might have become another of life's waiting women—if—

All the town buzzed with gossip when Marion announced that she was going back to college that autumn. She had been away for five years; it did seem a strange thing to do. And when, instead of coming home for the summer's vacation, she wrote that she had accepted a position in a little town in California, the buzz grew louder still, for everybody knew that Marion Taylor did not need to earn her living. The salary of the new position was small, its dignity smaller. Polly Vanker's new baby lost its charms as a subject for conversation while the club tried in vain to decide what had come over Marion Taylor.

And then just as the town at last accepted the fact that Marion had "gone for a career," she came home to marry Alfred McCann.

"You sly thing," one of her older friends accused her, "I supposed you have been engaged all the time while you were pretending to be so wrapped up in botany."

"I wasn't pretending; it isn't that I love botany less, but that I love Alfred more."

"But think of the time you have wasted finding out. You could just as well have married him two years ago."

"Oh, no I couldn't. Alfred didn't ask me two years ago; even if he had and I had decided to marry him, it would not have been quite the same, for then it would have been marrying Alfred—or nothing."

Her older friend giggled. "But when you find that you like him better than stamens and pistils—"

"I will not, though," quickly replied Marion. "It is all in a different way. I know it sounds silly to talk about my little job as though it were a great life work, but it isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing."

"So you don't feel that those two years have been exactly wasted?" she asked.

"Wasted! Why, of course not," she laughed happily. "If fate asks you which you'll have, marriage or a career, you don't really have to decide. You can just retire behind your everlasting average-ness and say in a few words, 'Oh, I'll have a little of both, if you please.'"

Editorials

TENNIS

Fate in the form of beautiful spring weather and smooth tennis courts is tempting many of the girls just now. We think there is nothing quite like the charm of tennis, and this is being proved daily by the fact that the courts are full almost every afternoon. All classes of those who follow the stroke of the racket are to be found, enjoying the game. There are those who play for exercise, those who play for amusement, true devotees of the sport—those whose fondness for it is almost passionate, and those who are practicing for the class tournaments soon to be held. In every case there seems to be enjoyment to the fullest extent. Here's luck to the ones striving to bring honor to their respective classes!

ONE HOUR SAVED

When first we learned that all clocks in the land, including our big hall clock, were to be turned up one hour on April the first, in accordance with a daylight saving plan of the government, similar to that used successfully by European nations, we must confess that we were not delighted with the idea. As soon as the news of the intended action on the part of the federal authorities reached the boundaries of our campus, disciples of Morpheus began immediately to mourn over the one hour which they thought would soon be lost from their best-loved occupation. In their minds, they formed visions of the future. They pictured the time when they should be peacefully lying in bed enjoying delicious sleep, only to be rudely shaken from it by the harsh and clanging tones of the rising bell at six o'clock, in spite of the fact that the clock said seven.

It did make a little difference the first few days, before spring had fully come, but soon girls, who are ever ready

to accustom themselves to new situations, began to notice the change less and less, especially the disagreeable part of it.

Now we can fully realize what a great gain we are getting from the one hour of daylight saved. In the first place, it is really a nearer approach to sun time. In other words, we are using the daylight for day time occupations and the darkness for sleep. At this season of the year, the early morning is a most beautiful part of the day, and henceforward will be the most beautiful part. The girl who arises early these days is well repaid by the beauties of nature about her. The tall trees, with their fresh green leaves, just attaining full growth, the soft, mellow sunlight bathing the whole earth, the charm of the early morning sky, the air refreshing and balmy yet invigorating, the sounds of the birds and earth's other joyous creatures—in short, the joy of nature on Queens campus has already doubly rewarded our girls.

SCHOOL-GIRL WORK THIS SUMMER

What her work will be this summer is the question of every school-girl. With so great demand for workers in so many fields, it is an easy task to find something useful to do. The government asks us to use all our idle moments for some good. There is Red Cross work to be done. Gardens must be worked to furnish provisions for the winter. Office work which is left by those who go to the front must be carried on by some one.

Many men who held positions in offices have left to go over there. Some men were stenographers and others bookkeepers. These vacant positions must be filled. Girls who have taken business courses in school can take these kind of places, and serve until school opens again. Civil service positions are open now to girls as never before. The government is asking for them to fill these places every day.

Office work, however, is not the only work to be done. Every one is asked to make a garden and raise whatever food-stuffs possible. Beans, peas, tomatoes, and other vegetables must be raised and put up for use next winter. If there is no place for a garden, vegetables can be bought and canned.

This must be done to keep things from wasting. The government asks that nothing of use be wasted.

Then there is always Red Cross work to be done. More and more surgical dressings are needed. Almost anyone can spare a few hours a week to do this. Sweaters, helmets, and socks must be knitted for next winter. There will be more men than ever before in the field, and they must be supplied with all these articles. This summer is the time to make these, so that they will reach the men by winter time. These hospital necessities and knitted goods must be made.

Let each do her part in at least one of these lines. For those who prefer office work, there are plenty of opportunities open. Gardens must be planted and worked. There is much Red Cross work to be done. Let every one do her part toward helping to win the war!

L. A.

• Alumnae Department •

THE CLASS OF 1917

The class of 1917 could never be accused of being a sentimental class; we were ever strictly business! "Seventeeners" read Browning, labored over the Modern Drama, and yet, continued unsentimental! We were all, with probably two or three exceptions, born old maids. Genius was ever-present, but romance was far away.

However, there is a type of romance to which we must plead guilty. We are possessed of the enthusiasm, the desire for valor, the love for new trails—all those things which are after all most typically romantic. Our elder "Sister-Class" whom we thought much of,—and still think much of,—became all school teachers, taught a year or two, and then married. They must be forgiven for this prosaic, conventional type of romance! Indeed we will stand up for our sisters when they are abused for lack of originality in their choice of careers; we will quietly sympathize with them for the "classicism" of their lives!

We are not a class of prosaic school teachers. But what things of such novelty are we doing as to so condescendingly speak of others! Well, we'll begin at the end and tell you of the most remarkable of all!

While we knew that Queens' standard was high—that English, and French, and Sociology were no camouflage, we seemed not to realize fully that Maud, and Louisa, and Marion were the three destined to prove the high standard of our college. Mid-years at the University of North Carolina are over and reports are out. All three of the girls made the Honor Roll, and Maud Carson tied with some fellow for the highest honors in the University! We sympathize with the poor boy in the Finals—now that Maud has a running start. They are quite remarkable, these co-eds! Their reputation is strong, especially in English; Marion made the Dramatic Club; they make speeches at the "smokers;" and do very little fussing (speaking in Yankee

terms). They are indeed worthy of the pride 1917 feels in them!

Well, we killed three birds with one stone—to be continued in the next! Ellen is back at Queens. We feel a bit jealous that she should be back when we are not. Doing graduate work and superintending practise, she is,—and she must fit well into the place, with all her Senior presiding dignity.

Moena Hand comes over once a week for “grad” work also—and does a lot of work for the Red Cross. Mary Louise is a music teacher. Any time of the day when you are passing down North Caldwell, you are liable to hear scales in “a do or die fashion,” which reflect credit upon enthusiasm of pupil and teacher alike. She has charge of the music in the Gymn of the local Y. W. C. A., and goes to soldier parties for a variety.

My disappointment was great when I was not made prophet. I have come into my own! Imagine a big office room in a big corporation where there are twenty or thirty girls doing clerical work. Now who *is* the business woman of our class? Can you imagine it? But—do you know that one morning when “we” were hastening to our work because we were five minutes late, whom should we meet but Mary Hardin, also on the run!

Ruth is doing what she most wished—New York! Information, second-hand, speaks of sleeping late mornings (with breakfast in bed, I suppose), going to all the theatres, and hearing all the “stars sing in their courses.” She has doubtlessly heard Galli Curci several times. However, we can imagine much hard work—and nothing has yet been mentioned of “Greenwich Village!”

We must apologize for lack of information about Cora Clark. We know she is home this winter teaching voice,—that’s all! It is a temptation at this moment to wire for more definite information, but fortunately for next Liberty Bond payment, it is not the first of the month. If any of you who are still in school do not understand the significance

of the first, I will change and say—it is not the time for reports to come in!

“Knox” is literary center for practically all training camps, locally and A. E. F. Occasionally she varies her topic and sends an article in to the Observer. We have never been strong for puns, but it’s a fact that Dorothy “did Bragg” this winter.

Elizabeth Blakeley, of all girls, took a Business Course and has a position with the Southern Railway, at good money. And they say whenever she takes a notion, she laughs or talks out—as she always did. And Jeanne Black and Ella Stagg are Pedagogues,—living sacrifices for Young America! Jeanne teaches fifth grade, Fourth Ward School. They gave her a grade that no one can manage. Evidently “command was given and all smiling ceased,” for they say there has been no trouble since! Ella is High-schooling near Goldsboro—we hope for her own sake that she is not teaching French!

Alethia tried a new line—she’s a draftsman,—and if you would like to know what possibilities there are for girls in that line, ask the Manager of the Chemical Construction Company!

Stuart has been doing Patriotic work this winter! I am sure she has done much to brighten the hours of many of the “Ossifers” at Camp Greene.

Gaynelle and Margaret are also more or less leisure girls. It seems they are taking a Business Course—and maybe they are! At any rate, we imagine Gaynelle does not lack for shoes now that she can not share with Louisa!

Then there’s the Editoriol We. We will send a notice to our Alma Mater paper when “My Experiences as a Y. W. C. A. Secretary in a Cantonment Town” is published. However, it is not finished yet, as my main story is still in the making. There will be some thrillers in it, such as the one of the girl who came from Wisconsin to see her “Finance!”

If any of you have fathers, or brothers, or husbands at Camp Greene, come to the Y and “we” will get you rooms or employment.

TO OUR ALMA MATER!

ELIZABETH JAMESON, '17

Dear Mother of our hearts and minds, as we are finding broader pathways and discovering new worlds, we are realizing all over again that your "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all your paths are peace."

We are appreciating you more—if such be possible—since we have left you; we are loving you more since we have only your spirit to keep us together.

With the coming of Spring, comes an intense longing for you—for your out-of-doors, your dreams, your girls. But while we cannot come back to you, we thank you that your spirit can come with us, that the ideals you have bestowed upon us shall always be with us, and that the Blue and the Blue shall be our guiding star.

• Editor's Table •

Among the Patriotic issues for March, the *University of North Carolina Magazine* is an especially fine and well-balanced number. The poem and essays are well written. *The Challenge* seems to be the best of poems.

American Patriotism As I See It gives a good idea of the various ways in which American patriotism is expressing itself.

Some Poets of the Great War contains good sketches of Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger, and also some famous lines from these two well known War Poets.

The Department giving student opinions—"As Students See It"—has many paragraphs well worth reading—the most of them patriotic sentiments.

Mention should be made of the splendid Editorials in *The Chronicle* for April. The stories, however, we think are not up to their usual standard.

The Aurora for the last quarter, by far exceeds other magazines of the month, in its selection of contents. The stories are the chief feature of this number, and are all interesting and well written. *Old Bethel*, *Relieving Monotony*, and *The Crusader* are especially fine. *The Aurora* also does not lack in poetic contributions.

The Radiant has a very good patriotic number for this quarter.

Queens Jester

QUEENS WAR MENU

English—"As You Like It."
 Science—Tart with weeds.
 Mathematics salad in Cubes and Triangles.
 French Dressing.
 History—Stuffed With Dates.

EXTRAS

Piano, Seasoned with Time.
 Voice, in Kellogg's Flaky Style.
 Domestic Art, in Scottish Style.
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* * *

LUCK

I've found four-leaf clovers galore,
 And lucky pins a goodly store,
 Some luck to gain;
 Have picked up hair pins every day,
 Made numerous wishes on loads of hay,
 But all in vain.

One's luck doesn't always prove true,
 For what good will pins and clovers do,
 I cannot see.
 As luck would have it, so it goes,
 The man I wanted did propose—
 But not to me.

* * *

Margaret: "Virginia A., what are you doing there so long?"

Virginia (before mirror): "I'm just pausing for reflection."

* * *

Ruby: "Did you hear about the fight in South Hall the other night?"

Tubby: "No, what about it?"

Ruby: "A cat licked his paw."

Pig: "Mary Elizabeth, I just know you are going to marry some old widower."

Mary Elizabeth: "Well, that's all right so long as I get your widower."

(They both admire the same young man).

* * *

A learned man, the other day, told a friend he had made a thorough study of geography, and he could find the United States, England, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, Austria, and the Balkan States, but it was beyond him where the "Allies" lie.

* * *

Margaret R.: "Woman is woman's best friend, after all."

Lavina B.: "I guess you're right."

Margaret R.: "Certainly I'm right. Even when she is getting married, doesn't a man give her away, and her maid of honor stand up for her?"

* * *

Blandine Little on a recent Bible examination made a slight change in the King James Version. She wrote as follows: "Now we see through a glass-eye darkly, but then—"

* * *

Professor (in Ethics): "It would be a very optimistic view if we should believe that pleasures do not end with this life—that we could enjoy thinking of psychological principles and ethical questions all the hereafter."

Minnie (aside to Mary Liles): "Me for the burning pit."

* * *

"I wonder why Margaret Overton keeps her lips pursed up in that way?"

Mary: "Oh, she believes in preparedness."

* * *

Laura Alexander: "Who wrote the book on the Red Cross that we have to read?"

Grace Monroe: "Clara Kimball Young."

* * *

Rebecca Wyatt was naming the books of the New Testa-

ment the other day in the following order: "Matthew, Mark, Andrew, John—"

* * *

A painter who fell off a scaffold with a bucket of paint in each hand said:

"Well, I came down with flying colors, anyhow."

* * *

Katrine: "Do you believe that ignorance is bliss?"

Susie: "Why?"

Katrine: "You seem happy."

* * *

Daily Motto for Students: Don't study too hard to-day, you won't feel like studying to-morrow.

* * *

Mrs. Evans: "Rubineal, what was the established Church, of England?"

Rubineal: "The Angelic Church."

* * *

"They say corporations have no souls."

"How about the Shoe Trust?"

* * *

Virginia Morrison: "My room-mate and I are Ten."

Mary: "How's that?"

Virginia Morrison: "I am one and she is nothing."

* * *

Miss Kelly (in Chemistry Class): "Elizabeth Hartmann, what compound is formed when KI & 2S combine?"

Elizabeth Hartmann: "Kiss."

* * *

Two children had been taken to public worship for the first time. A day or so afterwards nurse went into the nursery and found the children with bowed heads, seated on a couple of chairs, whispering audibly to each others.

"What are you children doing?"

"We are playing Church?"

"But you shouldn't whisper in Church!"

"Oh, but we are the Choir."

Margaret Gwyn: "Last night I heard a man ask for oysters in the restaurant, and the waiter said they were not in season. And what do you think the man said?"

Betsie: "No, What?"

Margaret: "That'll be all right, I'll season them myself."

* * *

Rebecca Wyatt, while in Washington, D. C., sent the following card to a friend: "I'm just starting down the Hudson to see Mt. Vernon."

* * *

Gladys: "Do you think a man should be fastidious about the kind of clothes he wears?"

"Gladys," replied Tina, "Every man should, if possible, wear an Army or Navy uniform."

* * *

Doctor (in First Aid Class): "Miss Thompson, what are the symptoms of poisoning?"

Miss Thompson: "Send for the doctor."

* * *

Violet: "The joke column in the *Princess* will be smaller this month. Nobody seems to be doing anything funny, and nobody seems to know anything funny."

Miss Tillett: "Yes, isn't that funny?"

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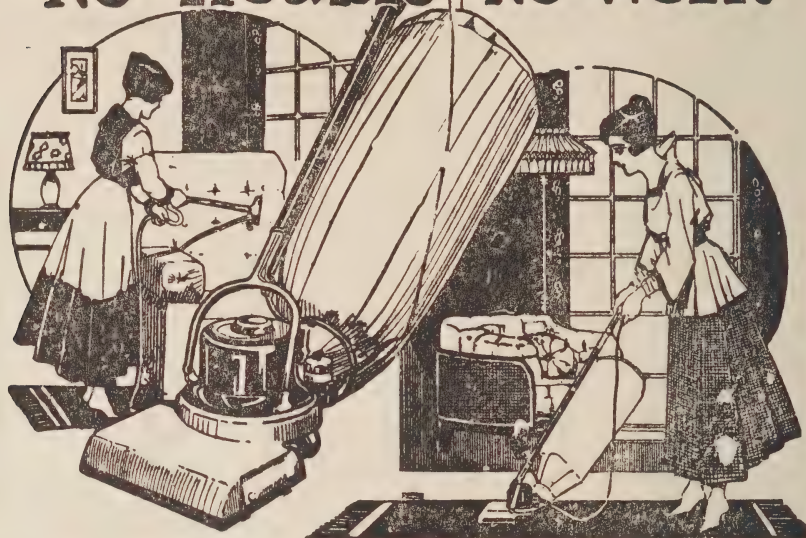
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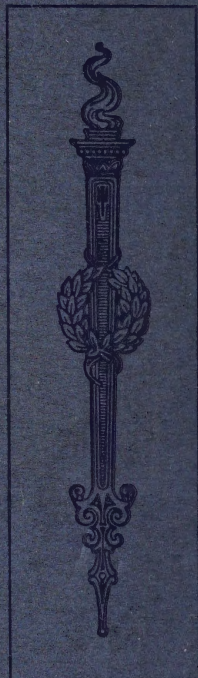


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